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| **O Little Town of Bethlehem** O little town of BethlehemHow still we see thee lieAbove thy deep and dreamless sleepThe silent stars go byYet in thy dark streets shinethThe everlasting LightThe hopes and fears of all the yearsAre met in thee tonight.O morning stars, togetherProclaim the holy birth!And praises sing to God the King,And peace to men on earth.For Christ is born of MaryAnd gathered all above,While mortals sleep the Angels keepTheir watch of wondering love.Where children pure and happyPray to the blessed Child,Where misery cries out to Thee,Son of the Mother mild;Where Charity stands watchingAnd Faith holds wide the door,The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,And Christmas comes once more.How silently, how silentlyThe wondrous gift is given!So God imparts to human heartsThe blessings of His heaven.No ear may His coming,But in this world of sin,Where meek souls will receive him still,The dear Christ enters in.O holy Child of BethlehemDescend to us, we prayCast out our sin and enter inBe born to us todayWe hear the Christmas angelsThe great glad tidings tellO come to us, abide with usOur Lord Emmanuel. | **While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night** While shepherds watched their flocks by nightAll seated on the groundThe angel of the Lord came downAnd glory shone around"Fear not," he said, for mighty dreadHad seized their troubled minds"Glad tidings of great joy I bringTo you and all mankind.”"To you in David's town this dayIs born of David's lineThe Saviour who is Christ the LordAnd this shall be the sign.”"The heavenly Babe you there shall findTo human view displayedAnd meanly wrapped in swaddling bandsAnd in a manger laid.”Thus spake the seraph, and forthwithAppeared a shining throngOf angels praising God, who thusAddressed their joyful song."All glory be to God on highAnd to the earth be peace;Goodwill henceforth from heaven to menBegin and never cease.” |

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| **Once in Royal David’s City** Once in royal David’s city,Stood a lowly cattle shed,Where a mother laid her Baby,In a manger for His bed:Mary was that mother mild,Jesus Christ, her little Child.He came down to earth from heaven,Who is God and Lord of all,And His shelter was a stable,And His cradle was a stall:With the poor, and mean, and lowly,Lived on earth our Saviour holy.And through all His wondrous childhoodHe would honour and obey,Love and watch the lowly maiden,In whose gentle arms He lay:Christian children all must beMild, obedient, good as He.For He is our childhood’s pattern;Day by day, like us, He grew;He was little, weak, and helpless,Tears and smiles, like us He knew;And He feeleth for our sadnessAnd he shareth in our gladness.And our eyes at last shall see Him,Through His own redeeming love;For that Child so dear and gentle,Is our Lord in heaven above:And He leads His children on,To the place where He is gone.Not in that poor lowly stable,With the oxen standing by,We shall see Him; but in heaven,Set at God’s right hand on high;Where like stars His children crownedAll in white shall wait around. | **Hark the Herald** Hark the herald angels sing"Glory to the newborn King!Peace on earth and mercy mildGod and sinners reconciled"Joyful, all ye nations riseJoin the triumph of the skiesWith the angelic host proclaim:"Christ is born in Bethlehem"Hark! The herald angels sing"Glory to the newborn King!"Christ by highest heav'n adoredChrist the everlasting Lord!Late in time behold Him comeOffspring of a Virgin's wombVeiled in flesh the Godhead seeHail the incarnate DeityPleased with us with man to dwellJesus, our EmmanuelHark! The herald angels sing"Glory to the newborn King!"Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!Hail the Son of Righteousness!Light and life to all He bringsRis'n with healing in His wingsMild He lays His glory byBorn that man no more may dieBorn to raise us from the earthBorn to give them second birthHark! The herald angels sing"Glory to the newborn King!" |